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"BETOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



TOM CAREY IN SEARCH OF HIS BROTHER.

HURLOCK CHASE.

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CHAPTER VIII.—ROBIN'S HURST.

TOM CAREY'S home was about half a mile from the forge, and was one of a cluster of similar cottages, inhabited mostly by his fellow-workmen. They were substantially enough built of sandstone, and thatched with reeds which were gathered in plentiful crops from the margins of the neighbouring ponds and streams; but perhaps the less boast there is made of their internal comfort, the better. The floors were of brick, worn

unevenly into holes in which sometimes, when the weather was damp, the water which rose from the oozy foundation lay in thick puddles; the rough, unplastered walls, slightly covered with occasional coats of whitewash, were stained and mildewed from the same cause; and the wide, gaping fireplaces, which permitted great roaring winter fires of wood to blaze furiously on the hearth, also gave free admission to wind and rain.

The lack of luxuriousness in these rooms—the "living" rooms of the forgermen's families—was not redeemed by much furniture, or by many attempts at ornamentation. A heavy oaken bench or table, and two or three chairs

and stools, comprised the general inventory, except that a few of the cottagers possessed an eight-day clock, which, in its tall case, filled up one corner of the room which it dignified.

The chambers above had a greater appearance of comfort, however, and more reality also. They could boast of stout oak-plank flooring, which gave securer footing than the rooms below; and almost every chamber contained a "four-poster," with good mattress, feather bed and pillows, warm blankets, linen sheets, curiously wrought quilt of variegated patchwork, and hangings of blue or red checked harrateen. Furthermore, the cottages were large and roomy, each of them containing at least three chambers above, and a wash-house or back kitchen below equal in dimensions to the living-room already mentioned.

An additional advantage possessed by these cottagers was that to each dwelling was attached at least a rood of garden and orchard ground, which gave occupation for leisure hours, and abundance of vegetable food both for man and beast—the beast, in this connection, being understood to be the inmate of the pig-sty with which each garden was graced. In short, the condition of the people at Robin's Hurst (for so the collection of cottages was called) was one of rude plenty, and freedom from the constant pressure of grinding poverty which too frequently is the lot of mere agricultural labourers.

It was nearly midnight when Tom Carey reached his home; and, as he lifted the latch of the garden gate, he was surprised at seeing a light gleaming from the living-room window; for, ordinarily, when he returned late at night, or in the small hours of morning, he was accustomed to find the cottage in darkness, and all its inmates retired to rest. It was his desire, indeed, that no notice should be taken, and no knowledge had, of these occasional irregularities—a desire which, as the reader will understand, arose from certain prudential considerations connected with breaches of the revenue laws.

Before we proceed any further with our history it will be convenient to explain that Tom Carey had been, for some three or four years, the stay and support of his family. His father was dead, and his mother had no means of earning bread, even if the care of an imbecile son (Tom's elder brother) and a blind daughter (Tom's only sister, and younger than himself) had not kept both her hands and heart fully occupied. It was well for her, therefore, that when her husband died, after a short illness, Tom stood ready, and felt willing, to take his place in providing for and protecting the bereaved and afflicted household. And it will be understood now why Tom, in his previous conversation with Rivers, had referred to the ties which bound him to his native place. With this short explanation we return to our story.

The first words which greeted Tom, as he gently pushed open the unfastened door of the cottage, were those of his mother, in tones of querulous complaint at being deprived of her natural rest.

"But why did you sit up for me, mother?" said Tom, gently: "you know I am not to be depended on for my time of coming home o' nights; and I don't wish you to keep awake for me."

"As if I could go to bed quiet, and him not come in. Where is he, Tom? What have you done with Zeke?" said Martha Carey, looking out into the moonlight; for she had met Tom at the door.

"With Zeke, mother? You don't mean to say that he isn't at home and in bed?" and, without waiting for a reply, Tom snatched the candle from the table, and sprang to the narrow stairs which conducted to the chambers. Reaching the door of his own room in half a dozen

strides, and the side of his and his brother's bed in two more, he cast a hasty glance at the unruffled bed-clothes, and then, after hastily looking round, more from habit than from any expectation of discovering the missing bedfellow, he returned to his mother.

"You needn't have looked up-stairs for your brother, Tom," said Martha, in evident disquiet; "and you don't mean to say, sure, that he has not been with you?"

"I have not seen Ezekiel since morning, mother," rejoined Tom. "He is not on the run again, is he?"

Martha broke out into a stifled moaning cry.

"My poor Zeke! my poor boy! He'll be brought home some day, starved to death with wandering over the country alone, or drowned in one of the ponds, and nobody but his poor mother to care for him. How could you let him, Tom? But it does not signify to you a pin, now your heart's set a-going after Mary Austin, and you staying along with her night after night. But if nobody else cares for your brother, I do, Tom; and I'll go—"

"Mother," said Tom, gently detaining Martha, as she was rushing from the open doorway, "you know better than you speak; and you know I don't deserve to be called over in this way. And there's no occasion for you to go looking after Zeke: only tell me where he is likely to be found, if you can, and I'll go."

It was not easy to say where Ezekiel was likely to be found. Generally docile and unwilling to stir from home, where, in summer, he sat for hours together in the full sunshine outside the cottage door, and in winter by the fireside, the poor idiot was nevertheless now and then seized with sudden and almost uncontrollable fits of wandering, when he would steal away from his watchful mother, and roam the country without aim or purpose. More than once, on such occasions, he had been lost for days together, and had been found and brought home at last miserably exhausted, having, as was conjectured, passed the whole time of his absence in the woods. At other times, and more frequently, however, if his temper had been ruffled by contradiction or impatient words, Zeke's infirm mind served to direct him to the forge where his brother worked, with the threat on his lips that he would "go and tell Tom." There he remained until Tom was ready to return home. Of late these migrations to the forge had been more regular; for it was evident that the glowing fires and genial warmth comforted the poor imbecile, as the summer sunshine had been overclouded; and it was not unreasonable, therefore, in Martha, while chafing at the long absence, to suppose that Zeke was safe under his brother's protection.

"When did you miss Zeke, mother?" Tom asked, when he had partially soothed Martha's agitation.

"Not long after five, Tom; and he said he was going to you," sobbed the mother.

"You had had some words, I suppose; but it does not matter," said Tom. "I'll go and look for him. But, mother, you shouldn't check me about Mary Austin: it isn't much pleasure I have, one way and another, and it isn't long that that will last; but, besides, I haven't seen Mary to-night. I am just come from the Priory, where I went with Master Harry."

"The Priory, Tom! all that weary way! and you tired and hungry!" exclaimed Martha, with a quick revulsion of feeling. "Don't go, Tom, don't, without having a bit and sup;" for Tom had moved to the door.

"I am not hungry, mother. I fed well at the Priory, at any rate; and as to being tired," said Tom—"well, I don't know; there's heartaches which send away all

other aches, I think. But don't trouble about me, mother; nor about Zeke, more than you can help. You'd best go to bed, and trust me for bringing my brother home."

And so Tom went out at midnight, closing the door after him.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SEARCH.

Tom soon left Robin's Hurst behind him, directing his steps to the scene of his daily labour, where it was possible he might learn tidings of the wanderer from the men at the furnace.

He had said truly that there are heartaches which take away the sense of all other aches: the thoughts which had crowded into his mind that night in his lonely walk from the Priory had made him oblivious of fatigue of body. Now he had another, and more immediate anxiety, superadded; for Tom Carey was exceedingly attached to his infirm brother, while poor Zeke returned the fondness with a sort of animal instinct. In truth, there was a constant and strong current of natural tender affection in Tom's spirit, which redeemed him from the coarseness of early training and associations, and distinguished him from his companions in toil. It is not often, perhaps, but it is sometimes seen, that almost feminine gentleness of mind is linked with extraordinary masculine vigour, and flourishes in spite of counteracting circumstances. It was thus with Tom Carey. We have seen the chivalrous fidelity with which he clung to young Rivers in his adversity, and we have obtained a glimpse of the innate delicacy and unselfishness of his love to his betrothed; and we may add to this that no sister could have been more womanly in all loving thoughts, words, and deeds to sister than was this great strong worker in iron to blind Marty, his young sister; and no fond husband could be more forbearing to wilful wife than was Tom Carey to his rather exacting and uncertain-tempered mother.

Do you wonder then, that, on this particular occasion, Tom's heart was heavy within him, and pained; and that, as he strode along, on that calm, bright, moonlight night, amidst scenes which might have excited the romantic enthusiasm of a young and ardent admirer of nature, Tom's thoughts were so preoccupied that he scarcely knew the moon to be shining overhead, save for the light it gave to his steps?

In ten minutes from the time of his leaving his home he was standing by the furnace. The men had by this time disappeared within a small hovel reared for their accommodation, and Tom pushed open the unfastened door. He whom he sought was not there; but he might have been, and the anxious brother roused one of the three furnace-tenders, who were all stretched on bundles of straw, snatching a few minutes' sleep from their watchful labour.

The man thus interrupted in his slumbers started to his feet with an exclamation which, rising from his deep chest, took the evil form of a hasty imprecation before it reached Tom's ears.

"Tis only I, Frank," said Tom.

"Only you! and who——"

"Tom Carey. I am sorry to have need to disturb you."

The salamandrine watcher stretched himself, yawned lazily, then stepped out into the open air, whither he was followed by Tom.

"What's up? anything? Anything going forward to-night, Tom?" he asked, with some appearance of interest.

"No," said Tom, who put his own gloss upon the questions.

"M'm! I thought there might be. I was dreaming

about it. A marcy I didn't pitch into you, Tom, before I was awake; for if I didn't think you was the big exciseman!"

"The big exciseman would think twice before coming alone to these quarters in the middle of the night," said Tom, carelessly. "But I am looking after Zeke. Has he been hereabout?"

"Sartin." Zeke had been here, at the forge and furnace both. More by token that when he got to the forge, which was soon after six (just at the time when Tom was with Harry Rivers at the pond), he was considerably teased and chaffed by Bob Phillips, and had departed in a more than ordinary frantic mood, declaring that he would seek Tom at the Wash, and tell him of Bob's misdeeds.

Tom Carey clenched his big hands. "Phillips had best mind what he is after with Zeke," he said, in an under-breath, which told of deep-seated anger; and then he asked, "Are you sure my brother said he should go on to the Wash?"

"Sure and sartin," repeated Frank; "for I was by, and heard. He should go to the Wash, Zeke said; for if you warn't at work, you'd be sure to be coorting. That's what he said."

There was nothing more to be obtained from Frank Jones, and Tom went on his way. It was a three miles' walk to the Wash. In happier circumstances and at another time Tom would have rejoiced in any errand which gave him an excuse for taking that road; for Mary Austin's home was at the Wash—so called because a broad stream crossed the road there, with stepping-stones for foot-passengers. And even now Tom's heart was lightened, and he breathed more freely, as the distance between the furnace and Mary's home was diminished with every step he took. He should find Zeke there, so he thought; for Mary's parents were very kind to poor Zeke, and would have taken care of him on his arrival. And though at that untimely hour he should not see his lover, he could glance at her chamber window, and this would be happiness to him, Tom knew; for many times of late, during her illness, he had walked to and from the Wash in the middle of the night to seek this solitary comfort.

And so, beguiling his lonely walk with fancies such as these, Tom had surmounted half the distance when a quick approaching footstep on the narrow path before him warned him that he was not the only late traveller that night. The footfall was not Zeke's: Tom would have known that heavy, slouching, slow step from a thousand; and he wondered who besides himself could be stirring at that time. As he wondered, a dark, slight form loomed in the distance, and in a minute the two night travellers were face to face.

A pleasant, short-spoken "Good night, friend," fell upon Tom's ear, and then he knew the speaker.

"Master Heywood, I think," said Tom, and added, "You are making late work of it, sir."

"I might say the same to you, friend Carey," retorted the other.

Tom laughed. "I am pretty well used to it," he said; "but I wonder you are not afraid being about o' nights, sir."

"Not when I am on my Master's business, Carey."

"That means that you have been at one of your outdoor preachings, I suppose," said Tom, with a slight infusion of scorn. "Well, every one to his taste."

The itinerant evangelist, for such was John Heywood, without appearing to notice the good-natured taunt, replied, "I have not been preaching to-day, my friend; I have been preached to. I have been visiting a

poor dying man; and it would have done you good, Carey, if you had heard his testimony to the love of the blessed Saviour, and witnessed his triumph in the prospect of death."

"It may be, sir," said Tom, impatiently. "I have nothing to say against it or for it. But perhaps you can tell me one thing, sir: you are often at the Wash, I know. Have you been there this evening—at the Austins', I mean?"

"I called there, and had a little talk with Austin about the best things——"

"What time was that, sir? begging you to excuse me for interrupting you," said Tom, hastily.

"Possibly between eight and nine o'clock; certainly not later."

"Then you can tell me, sir, whether my poor brother was there at that time."

"Certainly not; and, now you mention it, I am almost sure that I met him, or some one much like him, with Moses Lee, crossing over Marley Heath."

"At what time, Mr. Heywood?"

"It must have been after seven o'clock; for the daylight was fading away."

Tom sighed heavily. "He would have been going to Lee's encampment, then," he said, half-musingly, to himself. "Well, sir, I thank you for your information," he continued; "you have saved me a walk for nothing."

"You are in search of your brother, then? Would you mind having my company?"

"Tisn't worth while for you to trouble, Mr. Heywood. It would take you out of your road home," said Tom.

"Not very far, my friend, if you are going to the gipsy's encampment; not more than a mile or two, and that is not much. I am used to walking, you know."

"And to working too, sir; everybody that knows you, knows that, whatever else they may think," said Tom; "and if you don't mind having me alongside of you, sir, I'll walk back with you as far as the road turns off, and be thankful too."

So Tom once more altered his course.

CHAPTER X.—THE EVANGELIST.

JOHN HEYWOOD was one of those earnest and ardent men who are sometimes raised up by Providence as pioneers in the army of Christ. Brought to a knowledge of the Gospel, and to a personal experience of its power, and filled with compassion for the ignorant and vicious and degraded population by which he was surrounded, he had sacrificed home, comfort, ease, prosperity, and was willing to sacrifice life itself, so that he might make known to others the unsearchable riches of Christ. Belonging to no particular sect or party, he had solemnly dedicated himself to this service. Asking no support from fellow-Christians—by many of whom, indeed, he was looked upon as an enthusiast—and receiving no payment for his self-denying labours, save an occasional meal and a night's lodging, he travelled on foot from town to village, from village to hamlet, within a wide circumference of which his own poor home was the centre, "with a staff in his hand and a Bible at his girdle," to preach, sometimes in barns and cottages, sometimes on village greens under the shade and shelter of a wide-spreading tree, sometimes by the wayside; it mattered little to him where, so that he could gain a hearing for his message. Two days in the week he worked at his worldly calling, so that he might be chargeable to none; and having thus supplied himself by honest labour with enough for his moderate wants of the bread that perished, he devoted the rest of his time to breaking to others the bread of life.

It was a time when such exertions were eminently needed. The sections of the Christian Church were, or seemed to be, in a deep and perilous slumber, while multitudes around and without their pales were perishing for lack of knowledge. If John Heywood had consulted flesh and blood, his own ease, reputation, and temporal enjoyment, he would have slumbered too. But he heard, or thought he heard, a voice, "the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said he, Here am I; send me."

The result went far to justify his course; for, amidst much persecution from the ungodly and profane, and much indifference and coldness and discouragement from his brethren, who, like the brother of David, were ready to attribute his zeal to pride and naughtiness of heart, the warm-souled evangelist was instrumental in turning many to righteousness, and in preparing the way for a wider diffusion of Divine truth.

Probably Tom Carey would not have preferred such an associate as John Heywood in this second walk of his; for, according to his own statement, he "did not take kindly to religion." But he could not well refuse the man's friendly assistance in seeking his brother, even though his company were more distasteful than it really was. So the two went on together, for some few minutes silently. At last Tom spoke:—

"You have been to the Austins', you say, Master Heywood. Mayhap you saw Mary?"

"Yes; for a few minutes only."

"You know I was to have married her," said Tom, sadly; "and that's why I ask. Do you think there is any hope, sir?"

"Hope of her recovery, Carey? To speak plainly and truthfully—and I dare not speak otherwise—it does not seem to me that Mary Austin can recover, except by a miracle. But I make no pretensions to medical skill and judgment, you know."

"No; but you have seen some such cases as hers before now, I dare say, sir?"

"Yes, many."

"And all ended, I suppose, as Mary's is likely to end?" Poor Tom would have said "in death," but he couldn't master it.

"All, as far as this world is concerned, my friend," replied the evangelist, pityingly.

"Thank ye, Master Heywood, for being honest with me," said Tom, huskily. "I—I knew it before; but while there's life there's hope; and it doesn't seem as if I could give Mary up—not quite, sir."

"You asked me if there is any hope, Carey; and I have answered your question, as far as I can answer it, as it was meant. But in another way, and looking at it in another light, there is a very joyful and blessed hope."

"You mustn't try to deceive me, sir: you have said too much for that, Master Heywood," said Tom, who heard without comprehending his friend's words.

"A hope full of immortality and eternal life, my poor friend," the preacher continued. "Once, when the Master was on earth," he went on, "a poor woman, whose brother was dead and buried, went to him in sad trouble, and he comforted her in these words: 'I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!'"

"Very like, sir," said Tom; "but I don't see what that has to do with my Mary, or with me either, Master Heywood." He spoke wearily.

"With Mary Austin everything, Carey; with you—poor soul! poor soul!"

Tom turned almost fiercely upon his companion for a moment; but he softened almost directly.

"You mean well, Master Heywood; I have no reason to doubt it," he said; "but my heart is sore, sir; and, what with thinking of one thing and another, I feel driven a'most mad. There's poor Mary dying; and as if that wasn't enough, there's Ezekiel giving me all this trouble, hunting him up; not that I blame him, poor fellow, for he hasn't the sense to know what he does; but somehow it seems hard to have it all falling on one pair of shoulders, like."

"Poor soul!" the preacher repeated. "But, my friend, there is One who says to you and to me, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. . . . For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' You don't believe this, do you?"

"I know nought about it, Master Heywood," said Tom, almost impatiently.

"Carey," resumed Heywood, "you are out to-night on a kind and loving errand; and you won't mind my saying that, when I met you just now, I fancied your business abroad was of another sort. But I was wrong."

"You were wrong for once, sir," said Tom, not at all offended by the implied suspicion. "There are some things that you and I wouldn't think alike about if we argued till two Sundays came together," he presently added.

"True; and we won't speak of them; but there is one thing, Tom—you little think now, that while you are searching, in your kind, loving nature, for your poor stray brother, there's One looking after you, very near you too, with his eye hard upon you, and his hand ready, ready to—"

"If you mean there are spies and informers about, Master Heywood," rejoined Tom, carelessly, "I dare say you are right; and all I have to say is, let them look out. So, if you speak in the way of warning, Master Heywood, I take it kind of you, though I aren't a bit afeard. And if you speak in the way of threatening, which I can't think of you—"

"I speak of the merciful Saviour," said the preacher, laying his hand gently on his companion's arm. "He came to seek and to save the lost. He is looking for you, Tom: his eye is upon you. He calls you. He says, 'Come to me; come to me, and I will give you rest.' Won't you listen?"

Tom turned almost angrily towards the speaker; and he would have retorted angrily, perhaps; but how could he, when he saw, by the clear moonlight, the pitying, imploring look of his friend, and the big tears glistening in his eyes? He could not; so he turned away again and said nothing.

"I want you to come to the blessed Saviour now, Tom; now," continued the evangelist. "'Now is the accepted time; 'now is the day of salvation.'"

"You are uncommon hard upon me, Master Heywood," Tom said, in a subdued tone. "I didn't want to hear you talk about religion; I didn't bargain for that when I got into your company."

"I must talk about it, my friend. I wish to see you happy and safe; and there's only One can give you happiness and safety. Come to Christ, my poor brother; do come to him now. He is waiting for you here—here in these woods, this very night."

Thus they talked; but, long years after this eventful night, Tom Carey used to recall, with a thankful, yet wondering heart, how the first dawning of a new day then broke in upon his soul—the first desire kindled for peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Presently they reached the gipsies' encampment; and towards morning Tom returned to Robin's Hurst with his brother, whom he found there. Taking an hour's rest, after all the toils of the night and the previous day, he proceeded to the forge to recommence another twelve hours' labour.

THE MANX TYNWALD.

THIS month of July commences with a cluster of national anniversaries. Americans and Irishmen have each their considerable events to commemorate in its earlier days; as also have that little compact race dwelling in the kingdom of Man, when they assemble on Tynwald Hill, and celebrate Tynwald Day, every 5th of July.

And wherefore do Manxmen gather round the Tynwald Hill, and celebrate Tynwald Day? Because they are justly proud of the remnant of the oldest representative government in Europe, and because the ceremony is an essential part of their insular legislature—as essential as the royal assent to parliamentary Acts is in our realm of Britain.

There is something strangely old-world in the whole proceeding. Thousands of people assemble round the artificial eminence called Tynwald Mount; for the day is the island's annual holiday, and distances are not great in Man. Crowds of fashionables in gay attire are present, as well as peasants from the deep glens under shadow of Greebaha and Snaefell, and miners from Laxey, and fishermen from Douglas and Peel. The Lieutenant-Governor (who represents Majesty), the Council, the House of Keys (which is the Manx baronial parliament), and the clergy *en masse*, all attend Divine service in the elegant little granite church of St. John, and then walk in procession the few yards (one hundred and twenty) to the hill. The Deemsters march before the sword-bearer, being the judges at whose sentence the sword can fall on evil-doers. The twenty-four H. K.'s (members of the House of Keys) come two abreast. The captains of parishes are last, the ecclesiastics first. The governor and the bishop sit under a canopy at the summit, over which floats the union-jack: once the banner bore the arms of the house of Stanley, Lords of Man. The mound is cut into four terraces, the lowest eight feet broad, the topmost six feet. On these sit all the officials present, graduated according to rank and prescriptive right. One official stands up and reads from the fifth page of the statute-book the following extract, which was addressed to Sir John Stanley, King of Man and the Isles, when he, on his first coming to the island (1414), required to know the ceremonies of this state day:—

"Our doughtfull Lord and gracious, this is the constitutions of the old tyme, how you shall be governed on your Tynwald dayes. To come hither royally, and in your royall arraye as a king ought to doe by the prerogatives and royallties of the Land of Mann. And upon the Tynwald Hill sit in a chaire covered with a royall cloth and Quishines, and your Visage to the east, yor sword before you, houlden with the pointe upwardes; yor Barones sittinge in their degree beside you, and yor beneficed men and yor Demesters sittinge before you, and the worthiest men in yor land to be called in before yor Demesters, if they will ask anythinge of them, and to hear the governance of yor Land, and yor Will; and the Comones to stand without in a circle in the field, with three clerkes in their surplises. And yor Demesters shall make call in the Crowner of Glanfaba, . . . and he shall make Affence, on pain of Life and Lyme,

that noe man make any disturbance in the tyme of Tynwald, or any murmur or Rising in the King's Presence, on paine of Hanging and drawing. And then shall let yor Barones and all other know you to be their King and Lord, and what tyme you were here you received the Land as Heyre Apparent in yor Father's dayes."

This seems to be read as a sort of equivalent for the omission of most of the ceremonial therein ordained. Now there is no summoning of the other "crowners of Mann," having their "yardes in their handes, and their weapons, sword or axe, over them." Nor do the barons pay homage, nor the commons show their charters for verification, as in the illiterate times of the early Stanley princes. But the Deemster of the southern district reads aloud the laws which have been enacted during the past year, clause by clause, in English, and the coroner of Genfaba (analogous to our sheriff) repeats the same, clause by clause, in Manx: unless this is done no law is valid upon the island. Again the procession marches to St. John's chapel, and the laws which have been published are duly signed; the coroners renew their oaths upon their knees, and receive decorated wands of office; then the legal part of Tynwald Day is over, and the Tynwald Court is dissolved for that year.

Scandinavian government has left no deeper mark on the existing society of Europe than this curious custom. Professor Worsaae, of Copenhagen, writes, "Among all the Scandinavian Ting-hills (or Tingavellir) that can be traced in the old Danish part of England, in the Norwegian part of Scotland, in the Orkneys and Shetlands, and which also formerly existed in Iceland, Norway, and throughout the North, Tynwald, in Man, is the only one still in use. From this hill, about a thousand years ago, the Norwegians governed the Sudreyjar," or islands south of the Orkneys (whence is derived the episcopal title of Sodor). Also Sir Francis Palgrave says, "The ancient Scandinavian courts were held in the open air, generally on natural hills or artificial tumuli. Their colonies in England and Scotland adopted the same practice; hence many eminences, erroneously supposed to be Roman camps, still retain the name Ting or Ding: such as Dingwall, in Ross-shire; Tingwall parish, in the Shetlands; Tinwald, in Dumfriesshire; Tingvalla, in Iceland."

Tingwall parish, in the Shetlands, contained an island on which the courts of justice assembled at certain seasons. The water round this island was in one place sufficiently low for stepping-stones, which were the only means of approach allowed. Four principal seats were set for the judges; the persons bringing suits for decision stayed on the mainland till summoned to appear; and when any criminal was sentenced to death, he had one chance of life left him, provided he could recross the water and reach the parish church before being seized. This species of Tynwald was a relic of the old bardic Hill of Legislation, where, in days prior to Norse dominion, the chief men of the community assembled to judge causes for the commonalty. A trace of it appears in the Danish name Thing-völlr—"fields of judicial meeting," as it has been freely translated. In our English word "hustings" the same root appears; the original signification of which Celtic term was simply, "to speak." A speaking-place, then, was the Tynwald in its primitive state; a stand-point whence the representatives of the subjects were entitled freely to express their opinion to their prince. It lay at the core of Northern freedom.

The Manx Tynwald is traced back authentically as far as the tenth century, when, about the year 920, a Danish chieftain named Orry conquered Man, having

previously conquered the Scottish islands. Of all he made one kingdom, with the seat of government in Man, and authorized his subjects to elect twenty-four of their number to be a sort of advising council to the sovereign. Hence sprung the House of Keys, which name is derived from the Manx term "keesh," a tax or tribute; intimating that they held the keys of the treasury, which is a good guarantee for the continued existence of any representative body. It was they who imposed the "smoke-penny," payable to the present day; the origin of which was, that the Manx having chosen to expel Marcus, Bishop of Sodor, and being punished by an interdict, bought off their punishment by paying a penny for every smoke or chimney in the island, and agreeing to pay the same to his successors perpetually.

"The eldest and worthiest of all the Lande of Mann," is the appellation given to the House of Keys in the ancient statute-book before quoted; which would verily be the ideal of a representative body anywhere. They were also as a council to assist the Deemsters in their duty and right "to deem, declare, and decide according to breast-law;" being the principles of justice considered innate to every man's conscience. But when civilization spread somewhat, and education reached beyond the ranks of the clergy, men found that a great deal of unrighteousness could be done under pretence of this "breast-law," and that a written law was preferable for most reasons. The second Sir John Stanley, King of Man, came to its shores in 1417, and was received with a universal clamour of grievances. His first Tynwald Court was held on June 24th in that year; and the leading principle of Manx government enunciated that laws were to be declared, not to be made; that the highest duty of the Keys and the Deemsters was to discover and declare the laws ordained by the Creator as eternal rules for human conduct. The original copy of this John de Stanley's great indenture is preserved in the archives of Castle Rushen, and is to Man what Magna Charta is to England, with the seals of the Deemsters and Keys and royal Commissioners attached; setting forth that "the said twenty-four Keys of the Lande and Deemsters say, and for common law adjudge, that all tenants of the Lorde of Mann shall be punishable by him only; and if sheltered by any Baron, under pretext of liberties, or any other cause whatever, he shall forfeit for every such offence forty shillings, and shall answer for the body of the fugitive at the prison of the Lorde of Mann, and this under penalty of forfeiting all his liberties possessed in Mann;" which took from the Church various privileges trenching on the royal prerogative, and lowered the paramount authority of pope and priests. Thus began the written laws of the island.

The Bishop of Man very naturally opposed this enactment to the utmost of his power, and refused to appear at the Tynwald until it should be changed, and his sacerdotal privileges set on their old footing. Every year on the Tynwald Hill his place was vacant, until the return of Sir John Stanley in 1422, who summoned a great court of the nation "not on the artificial hill Tynwald, but on the God-made hill Rencurling." All the tenants and commons of Man assembled, till gradually the hill was densely thronged. Nearest its summit were the twenty-four Keys, and seventy men of the "Great Enquest" (or sworn jurors), about the king. "In which court the Bishop of Mann was called to come and doe his faith and fealtie to the Lorde, as the law asketh, and to show by what claim he holdeth his landes and tenements within the lordship of Mann. The which came and did his faith and fealtie." His example was followed by the Abbot of Rushen and the Prioress of Douglas.

Five foreign ecclesiastics who stayed away forfeited all their temporalities to the sovereign. A great triumph had been achieved over the Church, and the day was known to all succeeding generations as "the great Tynwald Day."

Never since the times of this Stanley king has a court been holden of the whole commons of Man. Two others were holden during his reign by his lieutenant, Henry Biron; one at the hill in 1429, the other at Castle Rushen in 1430. Six members each were chosen by the six "sheadings" into which the island was divided; for a very complete decimal organization had been established throughout Man. As the Saxons had tithings, hundreds, trithings, so had the Manx treenes (ten families pledged for each other's rents and loyalty), parishes (consisting of ten treenes, or a hundred families), and sheadings (consisting of three parishes, or thirty treenes, or three hundred families). From the thirty-six "eldest and worthiest" thus chosen, the sovereign Stanley chose twenty-four to be his House of Keys. His last Tynwald Court enacted various laws as legislature; then resolved itself into a criminal tribunal, and adjudged punishment to a dependant of the Abbot of Rushen, who had confided overmuch in priestly protection for his misdeeds; and lastly, acted as ecclesiastical council, reversed a decision of the Bishop's court, and asserted the supremacy of national over canon law. Thus it will be seen how thorough was the self-government enjoyed by the Manx people through means of their Tynwald, at a period when despotism was the rule elsewhere, and how early they broke the yoke of papal supremacy.

One of the propositions of this chief, Sir John Stanley, was, that the Tynwald Courts should be held three times in every year, and that "controversies be not decided by battle, but by the good and true in the country." Though assented to at the time, the wise regulation was not adhered to: plenty of controversies were subsequently settled by objectionable means. The succeeding Stanleys had a thorny throne of it in Man; till the second Earl of Derby relinquished the royal title, preferring, as he said, "being a great lord to a petty king." His son, the third earl, reigned fifty years, and, as he was a chief favourite with Henry VIII, he closely copied his master's reformatory measures in his own dependency of Man, and got the Tynwald to join therein. The two Deemsters and twenty-four Keys declared on their oaths that "my Lord is metropolitan and chief of the Holy Church in Man; and that the Bishop shall do nought but my Lord's pleasure;" and so was the Protestant religion virtually established; a further confirmation of which was the statute passed by the Tynwald in 1594, ordering that all persons should be presented before courts who "refuse to come to church to hear Divine service or receive the sacrament," or were found engaged in superstitious processions "with bells and banners."

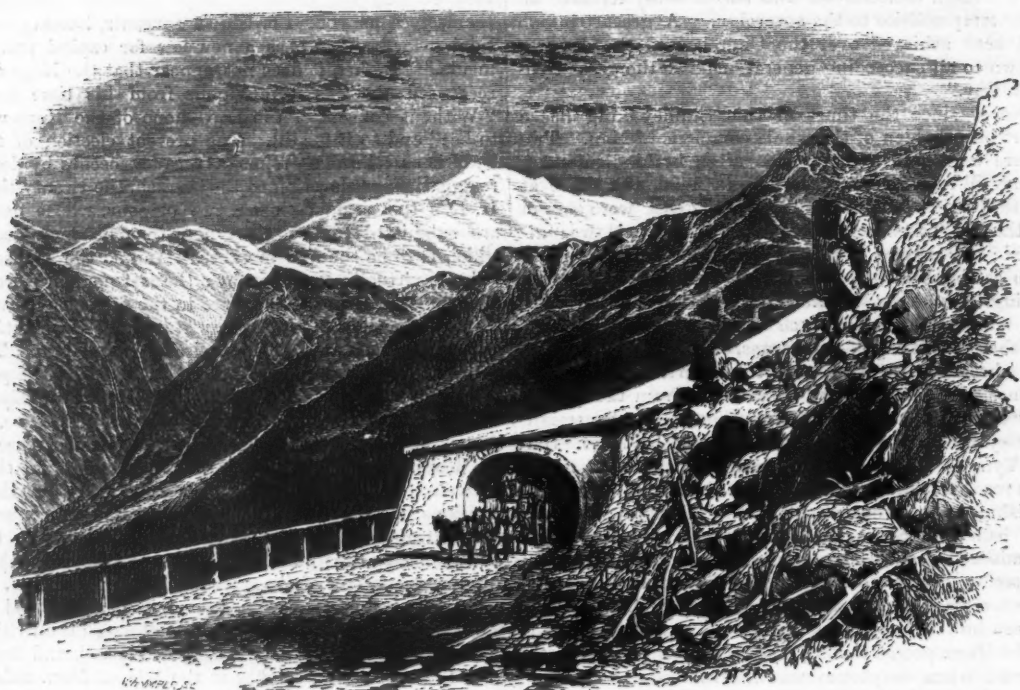
The Tynwald seems to have been passive during the civil wars between Charles I and his Parliament, though the Lord of Man took such a decidedly royalist part that he suffered on the scaffold, and left his Countess to defend Castle Rushen if she could. William Christian, who was shot for surrendering the island to Cromwell's army, was popularly regarded as a martyr, and as having been sentenced unrighteously; but the legislature seems to have acted under Lord Fairfax for their sovereign quite as willingly as under Lord Derby. The tenth earl is said to have damaged the national constitution considerably, having a slight turn for tyranny: he turned the Tynwald Court into a simple declarator of the laws he chose to promulgate. Under

him we find the House of Keys "humbly presenting themselves as your Lordship's servants, humbly petitioning for leave to pass a new law for capital punishments." In fact, it does not appear that the Keys ever recovered their pristine vigour from his time forth. "Without consent of the Lord none of the Keys were to be;" and so it is still. The present election of that body is as follows:—When a vacancy occurs by death, resignation, or elevation to the Council, the twenty-three H. K.'s that remain choose two persons, whose names are submitted to the Governor, that he may decide which is to be the new member. And so the House of Keys is virtually an oligarchy: the last popular election of members having taken place in the fifteenth century, they can hardly be said, by any stretch of imagination, to be representatives of the existing population. The only qualifications required are to be of age, and the possession of a hundred per annum property in the island.

A very modest white house with a round portico, in the market-square of Castletown, is the meeting-place of the Keys. Besides enacting and repealing laws, they have also the jurisdiction of an appellant court; but their decisions can be overruled by the Queen in council; which right, along with all others belonging to the Lords of Man, was purchased from the Duke of Atholl (as representative of the ancient Stanley dynasty), in 1825, for near half a million of money; Tynwald of course confirming the sale. Still, "although the British Parliament makes laws for England, Ireland, and Scotland, they are of no validity in the Isle of Man, unless they are in accordance with the ancient laws and liberties of the island, and, after being confirmed by its own Parliament, are proclaimed from Tynwald Hill." So writes Professor Worsaae. One result of this state of things is, that Man enjoys the enviable peculiarity of being an almost taxless land. The summer visitor is surprised by the lowness of his grocer's bills. The resident has no rate-papers coming in to him. "What are your taxes?" asked the writer of a friend who lived in a pretty and commodious house in the best part of Douglas, and paid twenty-one pounds rent. "Our taxes?" replied this happy individual: "we pay for gas and water additional." That was all he knew about the tax-man.

It is but two months since the advocates in a certain cause tried to prove before the Court of Queen's Bench that the Isle of Man formed part of "the foreign dominions of the Crown," into which a writ of *habeas corpus* could not issue. The Chief Justice thought differently, and adjudged that the Court *had* jurisdiction to command the Governor of Castle Rushen to bring up the body of a prisoner committed by the House of Keys for contempt; and thus imperial authority overbore insular, in a manner which will appear right enough to those who consider that the Queen's Bench is the judgment-seat of British Majesty.

Long may the Tynwald assemble on its Tynwald Hill during the fair midsummer noonday. That modern-looking mound, four truncated cones of sward, neat, close-shaven, is so old that its origin has mists of antiquity about it. Some say it is a Danish sepulchral "barrow," raised over some once mighty viking, whose earthen tomb has thus survived his name and fame. Others (the majority) assert that it is composed of mould brought from the seventeen parishes of the island, piled into a throne for its legislature. Be that as it may, the always ancient, always modern garment of Nature, the humble grass, has covered tenderly and closely the immemorial mound with a perpetual newness, as though it had no history.



ON THE SIMPLON. AN AVALANCHE FALLING.

ANOTHER SWISS ROUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

IV.—FROM BRIEG TO DOMO D'OSSELA.

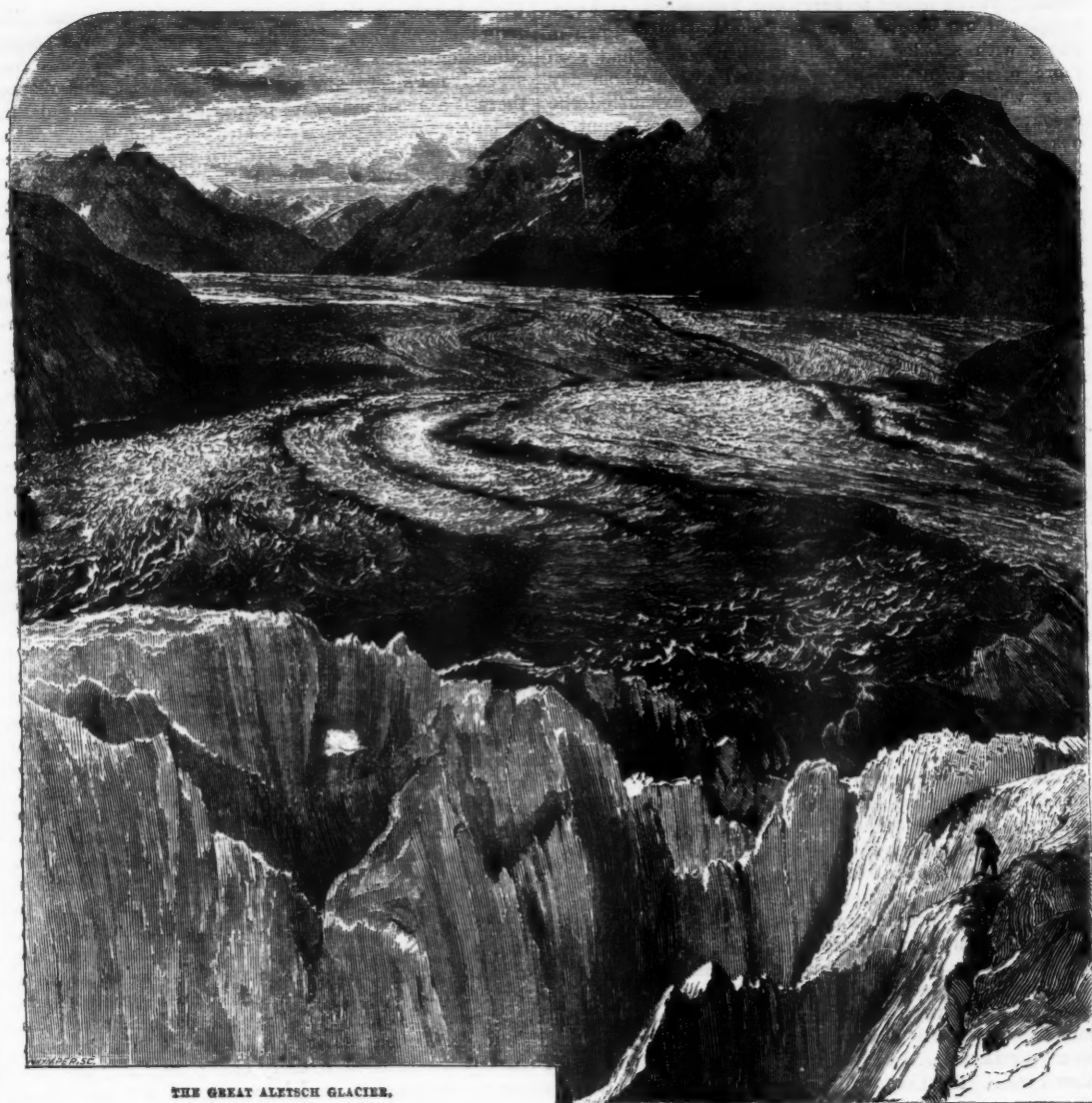
WE stopped for only one night at the "Bel Alp," and that was spent in the *salle à manger*. When the last of the guests had dropped off, the head waiter, chambermaid, and manager of the establishment—for she combined all these offices in her own person—brought four mattresses, and spread them for my brother, myself, and two other gentlemen tourists who were roomless in the house. It is not always easy to sleep in a dining-room, except it be directly after dinner. Two of our party could; but the third, whose mattress, by the way, was farthest from mine, began a general discussion of all manner of routes in Switzerland before daylight. I answered with gradually dissipated incoherence, till I was wide awake, and still the voice came out of the dark corner, prattling on about this pass, that inn, and the ether scenery. There was no help for it but to get up, which I did at dawn, and went at once to a neighbouring waterfall for my morning bath. Ugh! it is chilly taking off your socks in the keen, grey, early twilight, and toddling to the white cascade over the dewy ground. The shock is horrible; but the subsequent glow makes you feel as red as a lobster. Let me warn any novice about bathing in these cascades. It looks a simple thing to step under the descending shoot, but it generally falls with such force as to knock you ingloriously down, unless you manage the thing dexterously. Lay hold on something, a bough if possible, or a jutting piece of rock, and don't stay in the cascade too long. Pass in, and have done with it. Rub yourself dry at once, and then woe betide the breakfast which awaits your hungry assault.

The view from the "Bel Alp" is very fine. Across the valley from which you have ascended, the same mountains show themselves as from the Aeggischorn; but you can look down on the ice without further climbing; you

can stroll a few yards from the inn door, and see the great Aletsch glacier sweeping by beneath you, as it is turned aside by the slopes of the Aeggischorn, and winding among the mountains at great length, but with both its ends out of sight. The *moraines* of the various glaciers which feed it show like wheel-tracks. My brother irreverently compared it to a turnpike road in a thaw. The walks in the neighbourhood of the inn are numerous and varied; so we learnt from our wives when we picked them up after a fortnight's excursion. We tried only one. After breakfast we ascended the Sparrenhorn, or Bel Horn, a peak which commands extensive views, and is about two hours' walk from the inn. We saw nothing but cloud. As we rose and felt the air growing colder, patches of snow occurring more and more frequently during the ascent, the weather changed, and we could see nothing but the edges of the ridge up which we climbed. There is an easy winding path fit for good lady-walkers; we went, however, straight on, and now and then had glimpses of a special grandeur, which we should have missed had the day been fine. When you stand in the clouds upon the brink of a precipice, and see no bottom whatever, there is a weird sense of being above the world which no other elevation gives. We rolled large stones down into space, and heard them crashing below with echoes which were magnified by the mist.

On our return, when we had got below the stratum of clouds into clear weather, we dammed up the course of one of the mountain torrents with sods and pieces of rock till we made a pool, and then had another bath.

After dinner we settled our knapsacks on our backs and walked down into Brieg, our wives accompanying us to the top of the steep grass slope up which we had ascended in coming. That was soon passed, and we sunk quietly down again into the warm air of the valley. On our way I found a large colony of wood ants. There was a dead fir-tree lying by the side of the path, and



THE GREAT ALETSCH GLACIER.

beneath it what appeared to be a heap of fresh sawdust. Wondering for the moment where this could have come from, I noticed that the prostrate trunk was pierced with a number of little holes and grooves. We soon saw the origin of the sawdust: a large ant ran to the mouth of one of the holes with his mouth full of wood; seeing us observing him, he dropped it nervously, and backed out of sight. The heap of sawdust was a heap of mouthfuls, which the patient ants had bitten out of the tree, and then ejected from the doors of their house. Presently the little hodman we had surprised came back with half a dozen or more mates. The alarm was given: out flocked the workmen, remonstrant, curious, and agitated. But, oh! the indignation and tumult when my brother stooped down and sent a little puff of tobacco-smoke into the middle of them! We know the commotion in the "Times" after the last earthquake. I venture to say the ant journals were full next morning of the wonderful phenomenon. Leaving this small world in the full interchange of gesture and speculation, we strolled down into Brieg, where the people were neither so numerous nor busy as those in the little colony by the

road-side—the insect town, where all were alive to passing impressions, but where each had his work to do, and did it.

Here we hoped to meet my old friend J—, who was at Chamouni looking for *his* brother. However, he came alone. I was leaning with my elbows on the window-sill of the wonderful dining-room, which is at the same time on the first and second floor, and which looks out on the dip from the bridge into the town of Brieg, when he came clattering over the stones in a carriage, with a white long-tailed weeper, such as mutes wear at a child's funeral, tied round his hat. This is the correct thing at Chamouni, and really preserves the head and neck from the effect of the sun's rays better than any other known arrangement. The white declines being heated, and the tail acts as a shade to the strip of skin between the coat collar and the hat brim, and which is sometimes scorched raw by a few long days of unbroken glare.

We were soon in full consultation, and decided to walk over the Simplon the next morning into Italy, and come back by the Monte Moro. Then we hired a hard-

looking young fellow to carry our knapsacks, and contemplated our deliverance from the hot little town of Brieg with satisfaction. My brother and I had seen more of it than J—; for we had lost a whole day there waiting for him, and I will not say exhausted the resources of the place, for that implies gross want of observation anywhere, but really saw and found out a good deal that was going on. First, we had a long talk with the landlord about his inn on the "Bel Alp," and gave him lots of advice. He told us that he was about building a very much larger one: if so, and he manages it as well as Herr Wellig does the hotel on the Aeggischorn, it will be one of the most favourite spots in all Switzerland. I know no other where you are seven thousand feet above the sea, and can gaze your fill at glaciers without fatigue, or take beautiful high mountain walks with no more climbing than a fair walker can manage, and at the same time be within easy reach of the great ice-field and its ambitious ascents.

We talked to the landlord and poked about in the town all the afternoon. In the morning we had fallen in with a great religious festival. The end window of the *salle à manger* looks over the bridge and down a perfectly straight road lined with poplars and carpeted with thick white dust. At the end there is a church with a red spire, in striking contrast to the green of the surrounding trees and pastures. An old German gentleman and myself were the last at breakfast. He had a huge ring on his forefinger, and ate, noisily, quantities of "confiture," while he read the "Bund," tilted up against the milk-jug. Presently he rose, gathered up two more newspapers, stepped out on the little gritty terrace from the end window, laid down the two journals he couldn't yet read upon a chair, and set a stone on them to mark a prior claim and prevent the wind from blowing them away. Then he sat down very hard on a bench, and read as greedily as he had eaten. Meanwhile I had looked and looked down the poplar avenue, till I felt a sort of fascination in that irresistibly straight perspective. Many people in twos and threes went down it out of the town, growing less and less in the distance. They all had on their best clothes, and among them I saw numbers of peasants and goatherds from the mountains. All went the same way—towards the church with the red spire, which seemed to swallow them up. At last my brother and I obeyed the impulse and set off to follow them. The thick white dust was dotted with the nails of a thousand high-lows. As we drew near the church, the sound of music floated out into the hot summer air, and we saw a fringe of kneeling figures round the doors of the building. They knelt there while the service was going on, because there was no room inside. We went to the west porch, and, mingling in the crowd, heard that the bishop had come to preach a sermon specially to the young people who had just been confirmed. He was then officiating at the altar, but the sermon-time soon came. Taking his crozier in hand, and wearing his mitre, he walked to the entrance of the chancel and delivered an earnest extempore address in the *patois* of the Valais. We could not understand a word of it; but the poor people, who rose from their seats and gathered round him like sheep, nodded to each other, or looked down, or rubbed an eye, as each sentence hit the mark. An old man by my side, seamed with the mountain storms of some eighty years, clinched all the best bits of the bishop's sermon into his grandson, who was at his elbow, with an emphasis which showed that he had either found comfort in the advice, whatever it was, or had no notion of letting the young people off what he had gone through himself. I believe

these people of the Valais are very superstitious. We found them poor, civil, and honest. I fear, though, education is too often checked by some of the more conservative Papists among the clergy. In this respect there is a great difference between the Romish and Protestant cantons. Some have attributed the misery of the canton Valais to the well-known superstition of its inhabitants. I verily believe that a bad creed will so far make a bad workman, and that there is an immorality in the principle of Popery (which I hate with all my heart) mischievous, if not fatal, to true Christian progress of all kinds; but the drawbacks of nature must be taken into account, as well as those of theology, and a fair allowance made for poor doctrine when it is accompanied by poor soil.

Next morning it rained. Should we go by the diligence? While we debated it drove off and left us looking at the clouds. In about an hour and a half they cleared away, and we summoned our porter to his work. I expected that we were to travel by the regular carriage-road, and was therefore hardly prepared for the rough walking of an ordinary Alpine footpath. We had not, however, gone far before we found that there were three ways over the Simplon. There is the famous main carriage-road; next, the remains of a paved bridle-path; thirdly, one which can be traversed only on foot. We, or rather our guide, took this last, occasionally touching or crossing one of the others. Of all the porters we ever had this was about the strongest. He frisked along with our three knapsacks as if they had been stuffed with wind. But when we had mounted about three quarters of an hour he began to descend. Now, I do not know anything more tiresome than to do this while you are ascending a mountain. It seems all labour lost. You have risen so many feet, and now every step takes from the success of the past, and adds to the toil of the future. We remonstrated. It was the shortest route, he said. There was no reasonable help for it. He had the pack, and extra labour was of more consequence to him than to us. So we let him go on, down, down, down, with cruel monotony, till we appeared to have undone all our morning's work. Then we came to a stream and a village, where at last he began to mount once more. The road was fine, the path, however, but little used; for few tourists walk over the Simplon now. Presently we reached a dairy chalet in the gorge up which we were rising, and he swung off his load for a few minutes' rest. Generally these picturesque chalets, with their groups of cows, are almost inaccessible, from the dirt and muck-heaps accumulated around them. This was peculiar for its filthiness and stench. However, our guide went in and brought us out a great bowl of milk. Would we drink? "No, thank you." So he put his lips to it and emptied some half a pailful into himself. He was an honest, hungry fellow, and amused us by a good deal of simple sense. As almost all these Swiss are great consumers of tobacco, J— offered him a cigar. "No, thank you," said he. "Smoking is a very expensive habit; besides," he added, "it makes me sick."

Every now and then we had glimpses of the great road on our left, and at last rose by a sharp ascent out of the valley, and found ourselves upon it close to the summit of the pass, which is marked by a cross. In a few minutes we were overtaken by the diligence, which had started an hour and a half after us. We did not go into the monastery here, which is related to that on the Great St. Bernard, but pushed on without stopping to the village of Simplon, an hour and a half more. Our porter, however, pulled up at the hospice, and could

not be made to stir without a promise of extra pay, though we understood that we had hired him to Simplon itself. He could hardly get by the monks' good cheer. One of them stood hospitably at the door ready to receive us, as well as any passengers from the diligence; but the clouds threatened again, and we wanted to get over the pass. The hospice on the Simplon is a large, plain, ugly building, like a union-house. The brethren, however, are very pleasant, for I heard of them from a friend who was in search of cool air and had stayed there for a week.

We now kept to the main road. There is this great difference between the descents into Italy by the Simplon and the St. Gothard. From the latter you can soon see the first Italian town, Airolo, with others beyond it, lying immediately beneath you, and can cut off many corners from the great zigzags down which the carriage road is carried. On the Simplon you can hardly, except in one spot, before the gorge of Gondo is reached, below the village of Simplon, save a yard by leaving the main route. The rain came down in streams by the time we reached the village and got into the little hotel, "Fletschorn." We were terribly hungry. It was indeed no more than half-past twelve, but we had walked sharply for some six hours, and cried aloud for dinner the moment we entered the inn. I thought of some description I had read, in which that meal was called "a battle with hunger." J—, who rather piques himself, and justly, on being a judge of cookery, said he never tasted anything nicer than the dishes which the landlord almost immediately put upon the table. They were in truth strong and coarse. We had, I know, among other things, some sheep's liver and rancid bacon; but they all melted away before the Alpine appetite. Meanwhile the rain ceased, and we bethought ourselves of the road once more. Our porter we had paid off; indeed, he was pretty well used up. The landlord, however, said he had a strong lad who could carry our traps to Isella, and, if we pleased, on to Domo d'Ossola. So we started, but had not gone far before we found our new man betray the difference between the Swiss and Italian side of the Alps. We employed him for only two hours and a half, but he was terribly tired, poor fellow, and we gave up all thought of taking him on further; indeed, we desired him to follow us at his own pace. The way between the Simplon village and Isella lies through the most beautiful part of the descent, the gorge of Gondo. Perpendicular rocks on either hand made a great rugged stone corridor for us, many hundred feet high, which was ceiled with cloud. On our right the river roared down with double speed from the late rain, and was increased by several magnificent waterfalls, which seemed to come from the sky. These wayside cascades are to me far grander than the stock terminal ones which you are taken to see. We knew that the gorge of Gondo was famous in a land famed for the grandeur of its passes; but the prospect of the waterfalls was lost in the rugged wildness of the road, until we came upon them. I think that the foulness of the weather rather added to the special savageness of the scenery than diminished it. We could not see the tops of the cliffs which shut us in, but looked up at a roof of cloud resting on the rough wet walls of stone between which we passed.

Isella, which we reached at five o'clock, consists apparently of a custom-house and a dining-room. The inn is next door to the Dogana, where your luggage is examined for Italy; and when you have walked a few yards below this, you have passed the place. We dried ourselves at the fire, for it was cold, and chatted to a solitary weather-bound Englishman, who seemed to be

the only person in the place. We felt ourselves already in Italy: there was a languid softness in the air, though there was still a long descent to the open valleys and the plains. Opposite the front windows of the inn, just across the torrent which skirted the road, the rocks rose in perpendicular cliffs, broken here and there by narrow terraces of vegetation, and streaked with small, tributary, extemporized cascades. On the right hand, ten yards off, three or four custom-house officers in uniform smoked and lounged under a porch. Up and down in the middle of the road there strutted a damp but vain Cochon China cock. This was our view all the evening and all the next day. The diligences indeed broke its monotony by changing their horses, which smoked in the thick atmosphere; but the passengers sat still inside the steam-dimmed windows, and soon left the stage to the cock. It was a depressing prospect. We studied the raised map of Switzerland which hung in the *salle à manger*, and decided that it was modelled by spreading two slabs with cement, and pulling them apart while it was still wet. Then we wrote, told stories, watched the torrent's rise by the disappearance of stones in its bed, and put our hands out to feel the rain. Still the cock paced up and down, occasionally making a peck here and there, but proclaiming himself, by his silent assurance, the only male bird in the place.

What if we could deceive him? One of our party, who was a pretty good hand, or rather voice at it, put his head out of the window and gave a defiant crow. He looked up and down the road and walked with higher steps. Another crow. Still no response, but evidently a growing consciousness that some notice must be taken of the matter. The custom-house officers were by this time watching the issue of the challenge, and one of them—how unlike an Englishman!—patted his hands together and cried gently, "Bravo!" as if to show his interest in the scene, and yet not interrupt the performers. Another crow. Then he shook his wings, set up his tail, straightened his neck, opened his mouth, and made a feeble Transalpine rejoinder such as a British cock would be ashamed of, amid the ironical cheers of the Dogana.

What could we do, wise reader, throughout a forty-eight hours' rain? We had come out for a holiday, and the only volume in the room was the travellers' book, the silly wit of which we are not inclined to immortalize ourselves by perpetuating. And here let me enter a protest against the weak drollery which people are sometimes tempted to write there, when full of idleness and dinner.

The book at Isella was one of the worst I ever saw. It was full of dreary attempts at humour, especially by—I forbear telling you this time—who had made many of the entries. Another great mistake of scribbling tourists is to praise or blame the inn to which the book belongs. These notes are found too late for the traveller to profit by them; whereas, when they are written in one belonging to the nearest halting-place, they are often of service. There are some of these considerate entries, but most are read when people have the experience of the inn itself to teach them. This at Isella had been absurdly praised; consequently the people had grown careless, and we found the fare and attendance rather below the average.

Before we left it the inn was full. The road above us had been rendered impassable by the storm, and a party returned after attempting to cross the pass. The diligence was delayed, the letters being sent on by hand.

Our first day's walk after this detention was only to Domo d'Ossola. The rain had ceased, and the sun shone.

When we reached the wider valley towards the plains the view was exquisite. We had just been shivering with cold. Now we sat down by the wayside close to the vine, cactus, and aloe, and, spreading our paper map open, made out the living natural map which lay beneath us. Numerous villages and towns dotted the landscape with their white houses. The campaniles, or bell-towers of the churches, rose among the walnut groves, and dark-skinned, black-eyed peasant-women, with bright red kerchiefs, answered our questions in Italian.

The walk to Domo took us three hours, but we dawdled on the road, and bought figs and grapes by the wayside.

Domo is a thoroughly Italian town. We went to the "Hôtel Albasini," where we found the landlord smoking outside his gate. He was a smiling and courteous man, but in showing us our rooms, so much for national habit, kept his cigar between his teeth, and preceded us about his house puffing all the while like a steam-tug.

ABOUT BEES.

IV.

HIVE-BEES have been known to save themselves unnecessary trouble in collecting honey, by resorting to what one author denominates a species of highway robbery. Three or four will band together and attack some solitary wayfarer returning home with its booty, and, possibly by offering the alternative of "your honey or your life," force it to part with its store, which the robbers lap up, and then release their victim.

A very curious anecdote is told by Huber, of what we may fairly call a party of house-breakers, who had left their hive, and not only plundered the contents of a humble-bees' nest in their vicinity, but also taken possession of the dwelling. A few of the humble-bees, however, refusing to give up the premises altogether to the burglars, kept their ground, and went out daily to gather honey as usual. The hive-bees, who must have been of an indolent temperament, used to meet them near the nest, on their journeys home, and, surrounding and licking them, persuade them to surrender their spoils, when they would immediately set off again in search of a fresh supply. Of course we are all in the dark as to what kind of "persuasion" was made use of by the hive-bees; whether they were acquainted with the efficacy of that description of it popularly known as "soft sawder," or whether the humble-bees were cowards, and yielded up their provisions through fear; but it was certain that the robbers did not harm them in any way, and never even showed their stings. This singular state of things lasted, Huber tells us, for three weeks, when, some wasps being tempted to try their luck in the same manner, the humble-bees took their departure for good.

It now and then happens that the inhabitants of a hive become utterly demoralized, and arrange systematic predatory expeditions against their industrious and well-behaved neighbours. They proceed at first cautiously, sending out spies to endeavour, as Keys, an English apiarian, writes, "to obtain a knowledge of the strength and riches of the neighbouring stocks; and these spies dodge about the doors for several days, trying to enter." The same author says that when a hive does not appoint watch-bees to guard the entrance, nor show resentment against intruders, it is a sure sign of their weakness. On this point Mouffet, in his "Theatrum Insectorum," observes, "The bees have watchmen which observe at night when they come home, and if they spie a thief come in, they set upon him and beat him, throw him out of doors,

and there leave him for dead, or half-dead at least; for so it happens that the thief, having filled himself with honey, is not able to fly away, but tumbles up and down at the door of the hive, till they that goe out finde him, and, having branded him with ignominy and scorn, deprive him of his life." These pillaging bees are styled *corsairs* by Schirach, who in all seriousness advises that when hives are found to be thus invaded the inmates should be treated to a dram; that is, that they should be fed with honey mixed with brandy, to enable them with proper courage to repulse the enemy!

What a marvellous thing it is that a stranger bee entering a hive should be instantly detected amongst so many thousands of his fellow-creatures, all of them to our eyes as like each other "as two peas," as the phrase is! Truly this wonderful instinct throws our boasted reason into the shade. To form any idea of what it amounts to, we must imagine a city containing from ten to thirty thousand inhabitants, all gifted with such an unerring perception, that a single individual from another town, appearing in one of their crowded streets, should be at once, by each and every one of them, marked out as a non-resident!

The Rev. Charles Butler, Vicar of Wotton, in Hampshire, at the close of the sixteenth century, in a curious work on bees, entitled "Feminine Monarchy," gives a delightfully quaint picture of bee-warfare. After enumerating the various enemies of these insects, he goes on to charge bees with being to bees the worst foes: *Apis api, ut homo homini, lupus*.

In the "Naturalist's Library" it is related that a negro in Jamaica, who had the superintendence of a number of hives, was asked by a traveller if the bees there had stings, to which he replied, "Hey! hab tings? dem ting too trong; dem hab big big ting." He also informed the querist—referring, doubtless, to the workers' slaughter of the drones—that he had often seen "de little chaps collaring de big chaps."

The irritable nature of bees is well known to all who have much to do with them, and a person who has the ill luck to disturb a hive had better make himself scarce with as much quietness and celerity as possible. M. Feburier, a great authority, gives us the alternative, in such a case, of plunging the head into a bush; but there would often be difficulties in the way in following this advice. It is not every bush that would do; for it ought to be a pretty thick one to keep off a legion of enraged bees; it should be an *inoffensive* one, too: but under such an attack people are very apt to lose their presence of mind; and, to rush "promiscuous-like" into a thorn hedge or a prickly holly, might bring us into the deplorable condition of the "man of Thessaly," who, to show that he was "wondrous wise"—

"Jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes."

But, even supposing the shelter to prove in every way satisfactory, it would be decidedly unpleasant to be kept in such a position for several hours—a sort of imitation of a hunted ostrich—should one's assailants resolve to tire one out, and maintain an ominous buzzing all round, watching for the withdrawal of one's unfortunate head.

An encounter of this description is sometimes, however, no laughing matter. Thorley, in his "Melissologia," mentions an instance of a gentleman who was attacked by a swarm of bees, and so severely stung that a violent fever resulted, and for a time his recovery was almost despaired of. Another writer relates that a horse, having strayed from its pasture, and gained access to an adjoining lawn where a number of hives were set, accidentally knocked down two of them, and was literally

stung to death in five minutes by the infuriated creatures. It is stated by Mungo Park, in the account of his last journey, that on two occasions his party suffered very severely from the onslaught of myriads of bees, which, in searching for honey, they had disturbed, in one instance a horse and six asses being either killed or lost in the panic. And, to go back to very early records, we note, in the book of Deuteronomy, that Moses, in his recapitulation of the events of the wilderness journeyings, speaks of the extremely formidable nature of their attacks as being well known to his hearers. Describing their signal discomfiture by their enemies in Seir, he compares it to a rout occasioned by these hot-tempered insects: "The Amorites . . . came out against you, and chased you, as bees do."

With such powers of offence, it is not surprising that, on particular emergencies, hives of bees have been turned to good account in defensive warfare, and effective missiles enough they seem to have proved. The Abbé della Rocca, Vicar-General of Scyros, has related several curious anecdotes in point; one, of the capture of a Turkish galley with a force of five hundred men, by a small privateer manned by barely a tenth of that number. There happened to be some hives full of bees in the smaller vessel, with which the crew clambered up the rigging as soon as the galley came alongside, and they then hurled them down upon their assailants. The Turks, rendered half-mad by the stings of the angry bees, and in this state fallen upon by the privateersmen, who were themselves protected by masks and gloves, had to surrender almost without a struggle.

"When Amurath, the Turkish emperor," writes the same author, "during the siege of Alba Græca, had battered down part of the wall, and was about to take the town by assault, he found the breach defended by bees, many hives of which the inhabitants had stationed on the ruins. The janissaries, although the bravest soldiers in the Ottoman empire, durst not encounter this formidable line of defence, and refused to advance."

Lesser, also, tells of a mob being put to flight by the same means. During war-time in 1525 an attempt was made to pillage the house of the minister of Elende, in Thuringia, who, finding simple remonstrances unavailing, made his servants fetch his hives and throw them among the crowd. The effect was an instantaneous *saute qui saute* style of dispersion.

These papers may be not inappropriately closed by a brief notice of some curious superstitions regarding bees. In the time of the ancients various auguries were drawn from the settling of swarms in particular places. Thus, a swarm which is recorded to have rested on the mouth of Plato, when an infant, was supposed to have presaged his remarkable eloquence. "Another cast of bees," says Pliny, "settled within the camp of General Drusus, the very same day when he obtained that notable victory at Arballo."

A very singular custom prevails at the present day, in many parts of England, of informing the bees of the death of any member of the family. Should this formality be omitted, it is believed that the bees will sicken and die. The method of performing the ceremony is to take the house door-key and rap with it thrice against the hive, mentioning at the same time the fact of the death and the name of the deceased, and his (or her) position in the household. In some parts of Norfolk it is considered equally indispensable to the well-doing of the bees to put them in mourning, which is effected by fastening a piece of black cloth to each of the hives. The late Mr. London, to whose useful and entertaining magazine we are indebted for some of our facts, remarks,

that, when in Bedfordshire, he was told of an old man singing a psalm in front of some hives which were not thriving, which performance, he asserted, would set them all to rights. In the same county, and, we believe, in others, bee-keepers are accustomed to ring their swarms with the house door-key and the frying-pan, and one which has settled on another person's ground cannot be claimed by the owner unless he can prove that the ringing was performed in the orthodox manner. The superstition relating to bees is carried so far in some districts in Kent, that it is thought necessary to inform them of any remarkable public event. In "A Tour in Brittany" a very interesting observance is recorded. "If there are bees kept," says the traveller, "at the house where a marriage feast is celebrated, care is always taken to dress up their hives in red, which is done by placing on them pieces of scarlet cloth, or one of some such bright colour; the Bretons imagining that the bees would forsake their dwellings if they were not made to participate in the rejoicings of their owners."*

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.

I.—THE NORTHERN STATES.

THE newspaper press of the United States of America exercises an influence in its own country greater, perhaps, than the press of any country in Europe; not, however, in consequence of the greater amount of talent engaged upon it, for it is in this respect, with a very few exceptional cases, immeasurably and confessedly inferior to the press of France or Great Britain; but, in the first place, because every political, social, or religious sect or party—and the name of these sects and parties is Legion—possesses and supports a newspaper expressly to advocate its cause; and secondly, because in the United States newspapers are read by everybody, and each reader pins his faith upon some favourite or special "organ." Yet, for this very reason, no single newspaper, however popular or able, can exercise the influence or claim the prestige possessed by the great leading journal of Great Britain.

There is scarcely a town, village, or settlement in the United States, with two thousand or even one thousand inhabitants, that does not boast its two rival journals, and scarcely a hamlet of lesser size that does not possess at least its local weekly, "devoted to the especial welfare and prosperity of its patrons;" while, in larger towns and cities, "dailies," "semi-weeklies," "tri-weeklies," and "weeklies," crowd upon each other to that degree that it is a marvel, not only to strangers, but to the inhabitants themselves, how the publishers procure the funds necessary to start with, and how the multitude of broadsheets are supported. True, some of them flash suddenly into being, only to be as suddenly extinguished after the publication of the first or second number, and others drag along a sickly existence for a brief space of time, and finally fail, after having hopelessly sunk some thousands of dollars; still, the number of successful, that is, paying, journals is really astonishing. A hotel, a gaol, and a newspaper, seem to be the first three essentials in a new American settlement, however remote it be from the great marts of commerce or the centres of political influence.

When the great rush to California commenced, newspaper editors, or aspirants to the dignity of that position,

* We have to express our obligations for some valuable information made use of in these papers, to the works of Kirby and Spence, Professor Rennie, and to the treatise on bees published in the "Naturalist's Library."

were among the earliest adventurers to the newly discovered El Dorado. They went not thither to dig gold out of the bowels of the earth, but, as they hoped, to coin gold by means of the pen and types; yet many who fancied that they would be the earliest in the field found, to their sorrow, on their arrival, that possession had already been taken of all the most eligible localities, and that nothing remained to them but to abandon the editorial chair and the printing-press for the pickaxe and shovel, and to wait patiently until new settlements should spring up, and offer new openings to aspiring writers and printers.

Strange and romantic stories might be told of the experiences and adventures, the successes and mishaps (of all of which the present writer has had his share), that befell newspaper men during the infant days of Californian emigration; and possibly, in some future paper, he may be induced to present them for the amusement of his readers.

To return, however, to the subject of the present article. In the larger cities of the United States the leading journals, political or politico-religious (for all the so-called religious newspapers have some political bias, and advocate the cause of the party they profess to represent as strenuously as their secular contemporaries), are well supported, and attain to a circulation unparalleled in England. The circulation of some of the more prominent religious journals would, in fact, appear incredible to a stranger. Even in the smallest country town the "organ" of the powers that be prospers amazingly during the four years that constitute the ordinary term of party-power in the States, on the profits that accrue from the publication of the government and municipal advertisements, which it claims as a matter of course and right; while its rival struggles along, maintaining a starveling existence, in hopes of the good time coming, when it will in its turn represent the interests of the ruling powers, and frequently deriving its chief support, meanwhile, from the pockets of ambitious political aspirants, who hope, at the next general or municipal election, to be puffed into office through its means. An American country newspaper is, however, maintained at a comparatively trifling expense. The publisher is usually the nominal editor, and, assisted by a couple of apprentices, is at the same time printer and compositor in his own person. The leading article is generally copied from some one of the city journals, and the scissors and paste-pot almost supersede the pen. When such a thing as an original "leader" does appear, it is supplied by the village lawyer or doctor, or by some ambitious tradesman or farmer, emulous of office, or possessed by the *cacoethes scribendi*.

The position of an American newspaper editor is in some respects advantageous, notwithstanding the occasional disquietudes to which he is subjected. Wheresoever his lot may be cast, he is a prominent public character—a power in himself; and in cities and populous towns his salary, or the actual profits of his paper, are often the least of his emoluments. If he be a man of loose principles, the sums of money he may pocket, and the black-mail he may levy from office-seekers, are incredible. In the United States the change of rulers every four years involves the dismissal of government officials, down to the lowest clerk in the post-offices or custom-houses, and the consequent election of new ones; and in a country in which office-seeking is held and acknowledged to be a legitimate profession there are always persons willing and eager to fee the newspaper editor who will advocate their election. But, supposing the editor to be an honest and high-principled man—

and there are many such men among American editors—he still possesses numerous advantages over his fellow-citizens. He can not only travel himself, free of expense, from one end of the country to another, but he can accord the same privileges to his family and friends. He has but to write his autograph, and recommend the individual he desires to serve to the kind consideration of the president or secretary of the line of road, or to the captain of the boat, and the thing is accomplished. Nay, more, so far as he and his wife—if he be so blessed as to possess a wife—are concerned, and especially if he be connected with one of the leading metropolitan journals, they may frequently put up at the best hotels on their route of travel, free of charge. The hosts will feel themselves and their houses honoured by the editor's presence. He will pay his bill, like other and inferior beings; but the money will be politely returned to him, inclosed in an envelope, and if he hesitate to receive it back, it will be delicately forced upon his acceptance. The landlord will feel hurt if the editor refuse to accept his proffered hospitality. The good word and recommendation of the editor will amply repay this courtesy. If the editor be quietly resident at home, the tradesmen of the town are just as eager to press their offerings upon him. If the wine-merchant, the fruiterer, the confectioner, or the grocer, receive a supply of better or rarer goods than usual, they are uneasy until the editor has been graciously pleased to accept a sample, and express an opinion upon the merit of their wares. There is no doubt that he could, if he chose, almost clothe and feed his household, and visit every place of public amusement or instruction, free of charge, and be conducted to the best seat in the theatre, hall, or lecture-room into the bargain. It is not every editor, however, who will accept this homage or these gifts. Many prefer to be independent, and to conduct their newspapers after their own fashion; for, though no recompense is demanded for these little favours, a *quid pro quo* is expected, in the shape of a favourable paragraph, a recommendation, an honourable mention, or a puff, in the columns of the newspaper under the editor's control.

There is one class of newspaper which I think is peculiar to New York city. I allude to the journals started on the eve of, or rather a few months previous to a presidential election. The election over, the new President installed at the White House, and the numerous political offices that are vacated at the close of every presidential term refilled, these journals cease to exist, as suddenly and much more quietly than they start into being. They are almost invariably devoted to the interests of the democratic candidates for office; for, strange to say, though the democratic party is usually vastly in the majority in New York city, a professedly democratic newspaper, though several have been started, has always proved a losing speculation. The "New York Herald," professedly a neutral journal, though, as they say in America, "of strong democratic proclivities," seems to answer all the purposes of the party, excepting during an electioneering struggle. These journals strenuously and unscrupulously advocate the election of the democratic candidates for the good things in "Uncle Sam's" gift, and are equally unsparing in their abuse of the candidates of the rival parties. A journal of this class was published a few months prior to the election of General Pierce to the Presidency; but the funds by which it was supported were supplied by a certain weak-minded but ambitious Wall Street stockbroker, who hoped through its influence to be elected to the governorship of the State of New York. This gentleman, however, never had the remotest chance of success, and

the editor of the paper in question and every one else, save himself, were perfectly aware of this fact. He sunk more than 40,000 dollars by the speculation, in considerably less than twelve months, and received one vote. The editor of the paper, who had been in the receipt of a handsome salary, and had made many incidental profits besides out of his connection, actually boasted that he had given his vote for Governor Seymour, the successful candidate.

The Americans are termed a reading people, and justly so, if the almost universal reading of newspapers entitles them to this appellation. But I question whether there are not more readers of books—novels excepted, perhaps—in England than in America. English publications of every description are reprinted in the United States in great numbers, but, though sold wonderfully cheap, they are not often purchased by the men of the labouring, or even those of the mercantile and trading classes. The females of the latter classes are the principal patrons of "light literature;" while those of the first-named class are quite satisfied with the tales and sketches published in such cheap periodicals as "Bonner's Weekly Ledger," which at one time attained to a circulation of 500,000; the "New York Mercury," "Ballou's Boston Weekly," *et id genus omne*. Books of a superior class circulate among the educated and travelled Americans; but in the United States, as yet, the class possessed of literary tastes and leisure at the same time is small in comparison with the similar class in Great Britain. Even among the wealthiest Americans the men are generally perfectly satisfied with the perusal of the daily and weekly newspapers. Magazines of a higher order are singularly few in number in the United States. "The Atlantic," an excellent periodical, "The Knickerbocker," and "Harper's Monthly," are the only monthlies of note, and of these only the first two are original and American. Harper's is at least one-half compiled from sketches and stories cribbed from English magazines, though, latterly, the publishers have, I believe, paid some of our leading authors for the privilege of reproducing their works. "The North American Review" is really an excellent quarterly, and, I believe, the only one worthy of mention published in the Northern States.

The fact is, that the absence of an international copyright law between America and Great Britain is detrimental alike to American authorship and to the progress of a pure, original, and scholarly American literature, in consequence of the facilities it affords to publishers in republishing English books at a comparatively trifling cost. American publishers will not pay authors a price that would encourage men of real ability, unless they possessed other means of living, to venture upon authorship as a profession, since English standard books can always be procured in abundance; while the American public, though by no means ungenerous, have become so used to cheap literature that it would be difficult to induce them to purchase costly books.

The chief newspapers of New York, Boston, and other large American cities, are too well known in England to need description. They differ from the better class of English newspapers in the—with a few honourable exceptions—less scholarly and more personal and vituperative style and tone of their leading articles. Regarded simply as newspapers, many of them, such as the "New York Herald," "Times," and "Tribune," are fully equal to the best of their British contemporaries. They employ able foreign correspondents and capable reporters, and furnish to their readers ample and correct information of the state of the markets at home and abroad, fair liter-

ary criticisms, and all the *olla podrida* of intelligence looked for in the columns of a daily journal.

The foreign correspondence of most of the leading journals is of a *bonâ fide* character. The writers are observing men, who reside in the countries whence their letters are dated. But this is not always the case with the foreign correspondents of second-class or weekly journals, who very frequently are resident *employés* of the publisher for whose paper they write. I have even heard this system of home-manufactured foreign correspondence stoutly defended, and that notwithstanding the flagrant imposition practised upon the public. "A *bonâ fide* foreign correspondent," it is said, "can only write his own, often partial and erroneous, and necessarily limited impressions and opinions in relation to foreign politics or affairs. He is not gifted with ubiquitous powers. He resides in one place, and can only mingle with one class or set of people; whereas a clever writer—native or foreign—who has travelled abroad, who is acquainted with the languages of continental Europe, and who is familiar with the localities of the city or country of which he writes—and there are many such individuals in American cities—can furnish a better, because a more general and impartial letter, by gleanings from the latest foreign journals, than can any single, actual foreign correspondent." This is the working of the system, such as it is:—A sufficiently capable and compliant person is chosen, and engaged as a foreign correspondent. Frequently the same person is foreign correspondent from half a dozen cities or countries. It is only essential that he shall be able to translate French, Spanish, or German, etc., with rapidity, into tolerable English. The publisher or editor then subscribes for the leading newspapers of Paris, Florence, Rome, Madrid, Vienna, or Berlin, as the case may be, specifying that the very latest editions shall be placed on board the American mail-packet at the moment when she is about to sail. The associated press of New York possesses a very fast steam-vessel, which is despatched to meet each expected mail, frequently a hundred miles or more from port. This vessel takes the newspaper mails on board, and steams away, sometimes arriving in port several hours before the ordinary mail-boat, and the mails are delivered at the newspaper offices often twenty or twenty-four hours before the regular post-office delivery. The translator is immediately set to work, and from the mass of late foreign newspapers, of every variety of politics, that are placed at his disposal, if he be a quick and clever writer, he generally manufactures a really readable and tolerably correct letter. The ms. is immediately put in type, and the letter appears in the morning paper frequently before the postman delivers the foreign mails from the post-office. It is essential, however, that the writer be acquainted with the localities of the city or country of which he writes, otherwise awkward *contre-temps* will sometimes occur, which betray the secret to the readers. I will relate one instance of such a *contre-temps*, the truth of which I can vouch for. A young man who had been a considerable traveller was, some years since, engaged as French and English and Spanish correspondent for a popular and widely circulated weekly journal. His letters from Paris, Rome, and Madrid gave great satisfaction, alike to the publishers and the readers of the journal in question; so much so, in fact, that the publisher suggested to him a wider field of operation.

"You have travelled over a great part of England and the Continent, B—," he said to the young man one day. "Suppose that instead of confining yourself to two or

three of the chief cities of Europe, you become a travelling correspondent, and write a letter from any place where there is anything of especial interest going forward?"

To this proposition the young man agreed, always taking the precaution to write only of such places as he was well acquainted with, and for some time all went on swimmingly—the travelling correspondent became as popular as the foreign correspondent had been. At this period the trial, in Edinburgh, of the notorious Madeleine Smith occasioned much interest in the United States, and one day the publisher said—

"B——, why do you not give us a letter from Edinburgh? It would be very acceptable just now."

"Simply because I have never visited Edinburgh," replied the travelling correspondent. "I know nothing whatever of the city, and I should be sure to make some ridiculous blunder."

"Pooh pooh!" ejaculated the publisher. "Read up Madeleine Smith's trial. That's all you'll need to do. I'll warrant that no one will discover whether you are or are not acquainted with the city."

After considerable demur, the young man consented to the proposition of his employer, and agreed to write an Edinburgh letter for the next number of the journal. On his way home to Brooklyn he began to think seriously of the task he had undertaken, and to wish he had not consented. Not that he had any lingering regard for truthfulness. "Should any blunder appear," he muttered to himself, "my reputation as a travelling correspondent will be ruined."

Suddenly the thought flashed upon his mind, "I have Walter Scott's novels in my library, and does not the 'Heart of Mid Lothian' lay bare the very heart and core of that ancient city? It speaks especially of the law courts, too. The very thing!"

He reached home, read up the "Heart of Mid Lothian," and felt himself competent to write a new history of Edinburgh, should such a task be required at his hands.

In due season the letter appeared, to the delight of his employer, to his own satisfaction, and, no doubt, to the extreme gratification of that great body of newspaper readers who gloat over the records of a criminal trial that possesses features of unusual atrocity.

Only two or three days, however, had elapsed, when a letter to the following purport was received by the publisher, from a Quaker subscriber who resided in Philadelphia.

"Friend W——," wrote this gentleman, "I have been a subscriber to thy newspaper for many years, and, as a general rule, I have been well satisfied therewith, and especially have I been interested in the letters from thy 'foreign correspondents.' But, Friend W——, assuredly thy 'travelling correspondent,' when he penned that last letter from Edinburgh—which is my native city—must have awakened, like Rip Van Winkle, from a sleep of more than a quarter of a century, and in his confusion have mingled the scenes and events of the past with those of the present day! He writes respecting the *Tolbooth*. Friend W——, the *Tolbooth* was pulled down long before I quitted Edinburgh. He tells of the doings in the Grass Market, forsooth! So of other localities, long changed, or no longer existing, doth he write. Thou and thy 'travelling correspondent' have, I fear, been all this while poking fun at thy too credulous readers."

I scarcely need add that this travelling correspondent was forthwith recalled, and that his valuable and trustworthy contributions never again graced the columns of the New York D——.

Varieties.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The following facts, compiled from Roman Catholic and official sources, demand serious consideration:—

Priests in Great Britain (in 1863)	1445	Monasteries	56
Chapels, etc.	1008	Convents (in 1863)	168
		Colleges	13

Annual Payments by the Treasury for Romish objects in Great Britain and Ireland, viz.:—

	£		£
Army Romish Chaplains	8,093	National Schools in Ireland (proportion to Romanists)	238,000
Romish Schools in Great Britain	31,035	Romish Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses	10,000
Reformatory Schools in Great Britain	15,154	Romish Reformatory Schools in Ireland	8,965
Maynooth Grant	26,000		

On all sides we perceive Popery advancing. Monks and nunneries are permitted to multiply. The Jesuits are permitted to locate themselves anywhere, and their plots are quietly connived at, while many of their schemes receive countenance from Government and sanction from Parliament. Many Protestants even defend the endowment of Maynooth College, and paying salaries to Popish chaplains in gaols.

WEDDOS OF CEYLON.—In the interior jungle regions of Ceylon a race exists, said to be descended from the earliest inhabitants of the island, driven into the forests by invaders about 2200 years ago. They are distinct from all other races of the island, though having communication in trade, exchanging wax, ivory, and dried venison, for salt and for arrow-root. They capture the game by bow and arrow, having no firearms. It is only recently that they have begun to cultivate land, having lived entirely by the chase, and on wild fruits. Their language seems to be a dialect of the ancient Cingalese, mixed with Telugu. The women are kept secluded. In manners, customs, and religion, these Weddos seem to be of the lowest grade of human beings.—*Proceedings of Ethnological Society.*

HISTORICAL CURIOSITY.—A most venerable and interesting relic of the olden time was lately exhibited in this town. It is the original deed for six hundred and twenty-five acres of land, on which now stands the city of Philadelphia, executed by William Penn to Thomas Vernon, March 3rd, 1681, immediately upon the receipt of Penn's patent from King Charles II. The instrument is in a remarkably good state of preservation, considering its age. It is perfectly legible, the ink having faded from but a few words, and in these the obliteration is slight. It is written in the old English chirography prevalent at that period, and to it is affixed Penn's autograph. The consideration for which this large amount of land (comprising what is now West Philadelphia) was conveyed, was twelve pounds and ten shillings.—*Providence Press.*

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS COACHMAN.—I remember being particularly struck with the personal neatness of the preacher as he came out of his carriage. His coachman also attracted my notice; for he seemed to be his master's *valet de chambre*, his clerk when necessary, and his deputy, to converse and even argue with people. I heard that on one occasion an individual, who was one of the class of captious questioners, addressed himself to Mr. Wesley with an air of impertinent curiosity. The preacher had no time to spare, and, furthermore, felt it necessary to check annoyances of this kind for the future. He therefore gravely asked his questioner, "Can you read Greek?" "No, sir, I cannot," was the reply. "Oh, then," rejoined Mr. Wesley, "my coachman will be able to satisfy you."—*Dr. Leitch's Autobiography.*

CRIMINALS AND THEIR TREATMENT.—Our gaols contain thousands of prisoners who ought to be at large; while there are thousands of persons at large who ought to be in custody. The former, by harsh laws, or by a severe administration of justice, are driven into the criminal classes; while the latter, through the want of measures restraining their conduct, and preventing their crimes, are encouraged to continue in them. Facilities should be given, and encouragement afforded, to persons discharged from gaol in their efforts to follow an honest and industrious life; while there should be insurmountable obstacles, certain and immediate punishment, in the way of those taking a contrary course. The present system of imprisoning children for trifling offences is a foul blot on the humanity and justice of our legislation.—*Suggestions upon the Suppression of Crime, by the Rev. W. C. Osborn, Chaplain of the Bath Gaol.*